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Disappearance: A Backwards Waltz

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DISAPPEARANCE: A BACKWARDS WALTZ

A place for cars, that's where
I think I must be now, a world with so many
gasses and deliveries, and we are going

there again. Walking back to a renamed home.
The words are melancholic but don't be fooled.

I stick my long finger
into the button marked **cross**
and I cross. Direction might be infallible

and feet accept the future as they march. I cross
onto the left-behind grit, and this is also

my home now, the streets that rise to greet me. A car,
as I walk slow, honks disapproval. My life in place
has disappeared. Like the houses

on 55th Street, the big old colonial
and the spidery A-frame next door, our neighbors

in dust. Trees went up to the curb where sometimes
the cars were parked, and sometimes, often at dusk,
we would be playing. Up and down the porch steps

in scissors steps, and I remember
that I didn't have to look very far. I guess it's

important to accept accident: the birth
of an unrequested day, some ecstasy of stumbling, and even,
when friends take it back, initial love.